

The Historie of

The very bottome and the soule of hope,
The very list, the very vmoft bound
Of al our fortunes.

Doug. Faith, and so we should,
Where now remains a sweet reuerfion,
We may boldly spend vpon the hope of what is to come in
A comfort of retirement liues in this.

Hot. A randeous, a home to fly vnto,
If that the Diuell and mischance looke big
Vpon the maiden head of our affaires.

Wor. But yet I would your father had been here.
The quality and heaire of our attempt
Brookes no diuifion, it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wifdome, loyalty, and meene diflike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence,
And thinke, how fuch an apprehenfion
May turne the tide of fearefull faction,
And breed a kinde of queftion in our caufe;
For, wel you know, we of the offering fide,
Must keepe aloofe from ftrict arbitrement,
And ftop all fight, holes, euery loope, from whence
The eye of reafon may prie in vpon vs,
This abfence of your fathers drawes a curtaine,
That fhewes the ignorant, a kinde of feare
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You ftaine too far,
I rather of his abfence make this vfe,
It lends a luftre and more great oppinion,
A larger dare to your great enterprize,
Then if the Earle were here: for men muft thinke,
If we without his helpe can make a head,
To push againft a kingdom, with his helpe
We fhall, or turne it topfie turuy downe.

Doug. As heart can thinke, there is not fuch a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this tearme of feare.

Enter Sir Ri. Vernon.

Henry the fourth.

Hot. My coofin Vernon, welcome by my foule!

Ver. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord!
The Earle of Westmerland, feuen thoufand ftrong,
Is marching hitherwards, with Prince Iohn.

Hot. No harme what more?

Ver. And further I haue learnd,
The King himfelfe in perfon hath fet forth,
Or hitherwardes intended fpeedily,
With ftrong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He fhall be welcome too: where is his fonne,
The nimble footed madcap, Prince of Wales?
And his Cumrades, that daft the world afide,
And bid it paffe?

Ver. All furnifht, all in Armes:
All plumde like Efttridges, that with the winde
Baited like Eagles hauing lately bath'd,
Glittering in golden coats like images,
As ful of fpirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the funne at Midfomer,
Wanton as youthful goates, wilde as yong buls:
I faw yong Harry with his beuer on,
His cuftes on his thighes, gallantly armde,
Rife from the ground like feathered Mercury,
And vaulted with fuch eafe into his feate,
As if an angell dropt downe from the cloudes,
To turne and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horfemanfhip.

Hot. No more, no more, wors than the fun in March.
This praife doth nourifh agues, let them come,
They com like facrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyd maide of smoky war,
All hot and bleeding will we offer them:
The mailed Mars fhall on his altar fit
Vp to the cares in bloud, I am on fire
To heare this rich reprizall is fo nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my horfe,
Who is to beare me like a thunderbolt,
Againft the bofome of the Prince of Wales.

H 2

Harry